

The Legend of Zelda: The Gold Blood & The Silver Compass

By: Aqua X

There's a legend known as "The Great Green." It tells of a large land of paradise flourishing with life that was hidden by the gods in order to protect it. Join Link as he attempts to save himself and his sister from a mysterious band of pirates that believe the tales of the Great Green and those of a hero & princess. They're just stories right? Might become Rated M later on.

Status: ongoing

Published: 2019-02-12

Words: 2194

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Adventure - Characters: Link, Zelda, Aryll, Tetra - Reviews: 2 - Favs: 1

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/13204953/1/The-Legend-of-Zelda-The-Gold-Blood-The-Silver-Compass>

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

The Legend of Zelda: The Gold Blood & The Silver Compass

[Introduction](#)

[The Legend of Zelda: The Gold Blood & The Silver Compass](#)

The Legend of Zelda: The Gold Blood & The Silver Compass

What a terrible night to set sail...

A loud boom of cannon fire shattered the calm howls of the night time winds. The attackers: three ships all flying the same light blue flag with a red silhouette of what appears to be a bird in front of a single yellow triangle, in a v-formation. Their targets: four smaller ships all sailing in a diamond formation.

Aboard the deck of the rear ship, amongst the ship hands, stands a figure with a sense of presence that radiated off of the ship it stood on. The figure was a man wearing a hood to give his head some protection against the environments with what appeared to be brown hair partially covering his eyes, he wore a dark gray leather vest over what looked like a white robe with only a left sleeve. On his hands were black fingerless gloves with leather greaves the same shade as his vest wrapped around both of his hands and a single sleeve with several metal plates buckled around his right arm. His waist wore a pair of dull white trousers whose legs were stuffed in black leather boots that went halfway up his calves, and hidden beneath his tunic was a dark brown belt that fastened his pants.

"Pirates!" The ship's lookout shouted. Causing everyone aboard the four ships, save for the lone figure, to fall into a panic.

A few fights started breaking out between the ship hands and several of the passengers that were below deck over the lifeboats. But before the chaos could truly begin the figure said something that would restore order.

"I'll stall them. Give me a single lifeboat and don't stop." He said. His tone left no room for argument.

"How are you gonna do that alone?" A doubter demanded.

"If they wanted us dead they wouldn't of fired while we were out of range. They trying to pursue and capture us before going after the other three. But if I can disrupt the lead ship, the other two might stop their chase when they see their leader slowing down." He stated, confident in his words.

After a few minutes passed, the passengers began returning below deck. The last of which was a woman cradling a crying baby that looked toward the man with a mournful expression. The hooded man only stared back, his face still void of any emotions, while two ship hands readied him a lifeboat. While a large storm quickly descended.

The tiny lifeboat was instantly intercepted. All three of the pirate ships almost immediately ceased pursuing the four small ships. Three pirates descended upon the hooded man, two with their cutlasses drawn on him while the third cautiously wrapped a rope around him to prevent him from using his arms. All three of them with a smirk that silently conveyed that they got what they wanted. Even surrounded by these three pirates, and slowly being hoisted aboard their ship, the figure showed no signs of emotions or concern. For this was part of his plan.

What awaited him onboard was a crew of about a dozen pirates, all staring at him as if he were holding a chest filled with treasure. All except for one, one particular pirate had the same smirk that the three who picked him up had. This one wore a green long sleeve shirt with a v-neck that covered his long torso with the ends half past his large forearms torn off, a large brown sash wrapped a few times around his waist, white trousers that went just past the knees of his short legs, and had a green bandanna tied around his head. What he wore however wasn't what made him stand out, it was that they had history together.

"Oi Raven, ew don't look much different since last aye saw ya." The pirate said, casually wiping his face after the sea sent a big wave past the port side of it. Lightly blanketing everyone on the deck with saltwater.

"Doesn't look like the captain's here, but this won't be much easier with Gonzo around. And looking as sturdy as ever too." The hooded man, his name revealed to be Raven, thought to himself as the seawater dripped from his now soaked hood.

"But m'haps aye shoulda s'pected that fra sum un wid ya blud. Sill impressive if ya ask me. An while hav'n a fammy too... Ya?" Gonzo said as he slowly walked towards the restrained Raven, stopping just short of arms reach as he mentioned the word "family." Though there was also some emphasis placed on "blood" as well.

With the underlying message that they know about his family, the fact that he's ensured that his blood will live on, Raven's stoic face finally broke into a scowl. His change in mood made most of the crew start to have a laughing fit, only to be immediately silenced by Gonzo. The smile he initially had when seeing Raven was now replaced by a frown and a harsh glare aimed at his crew. Once the quietness returned, the bulky pirate's face eased into a neutral position. Before finally reverting back to the smile from earlier.

"Now don't go gett'n like that. We use ta be friends, roight? Da boss err... captain sez'll fergive an ferget. S'longs ew an ya fammy com wid us ta Da Garotto. Ya?" Gonzo said, his voice sounding respectful. A tone Raven knew he rarely used for anyone or thing aside from the captain.

Though feeling some temptation from the offer, and the truth being that he did miss the friends he made during his days of piracy, Raven would choose death over being willingly dragged to the captain as if he were the catch of the day. Using all his strength and the dampness of the water from the wave that passed by the deck a mere minute ago, he slipped the ropes up and over his head with a motion similar to when a likelike regurgitates a prey too tough for them. As soon as he was free from the ropes, Raven grabbed a hold of both of his restrainors cutlasses, who were shocked by just how quick and efficiently he had escaped their bindings, and soon enough had them pointed at their owners.

Raven could skewer them, but that's not who he is. It never was. So instead of stabbing them in the throat, or making them a foot shorter, he pivoted on the ball of his left foot and sent his right foot gliding across their faces with enough strength that he managed to send them both to the floor. He then brought the bottom of the sword guards down on the back of one's head before the other, rendering them *non-lethally* disposed of.

"Tch. Didn' hafta be dis way mate." Gonzo said as he signaled for the remaining members of his crew to draw their weapons.

They might've had the numbers edge, but Raven could tell from their stances and the way they drew their swords that they had no idea how to actually use a sword. Two rushed at him, both swinging wildly while the remaining ten tried to surround him. They were clearly trying to take him alive, Raven already figured as much since it would've made more sense for all of them to just attack him all at once like a pack of wolves.

Raven pushed the two who were swinging back, causing them to topple over some of the crew. Raven quickly subdued them all, each with a quick smack of the flat end of his right blade while the other was pointed at the crew. *That's four down, but still another eight left.*

The crew were about to pounce when Raven held up both of his swords in what was unmistakably a throwing motion, causing them to try and flee from where he was looking. Once they were safely out of his sight, Raven threw both swords over deck. Shocking the whole crew.

In their confusion Raven hastily retrieved a single sword and its sheath from one of the unconscious pirates, securing the sword back in it so he could fight properly without killing them.

Not wanting to give them any time to collect themselves, Raven finally took the offensive. Which was punctuated by a boom of thunder.

He quickly dashed towards the pirate nearest to him and drove the scabbard into his abdomen, following it up with a diagonal swing to another's knee. Two attacks, two downed pirates.

By this point the aura of confidence the crew had was completely nonexistent, instead there was now one of a primordial nature; kill to survive.

The remaining six quickly circled him again, only this time none of them were willing to make the first move. At the next boom of thunder, from the storm that had become an after thought, they came for Raven's life. But instead of trying to block any of them Raven quickly spun on his heel, not unlike when he delivered that devastating kick to the three pirates that had him tied up, and swung his blade.

This spin attack hit each of the remaining six with a varying level of hardness. Though it was still hard enough to knockout the first recipient.

After having been made quick work of again, the pirates completely abandoned any semblance of formations and all began attacking him at once. Raven blocked two swings from one, parried another using the metal plates covering his right arm, and narrowly avoided a stab from another pirate. But he couldn't avoid a stab from his left side that pierced through his wrist, nor could he defend against a quick slash on his calf.

Raven could feel his body grow colder, while the blood leaking from his body felt rather warm. He couldn't feel his grip on his sword anymore and the strength in his legs was already faltering. The adrenaline that had gave him seemingly endless stamina was gone, time was now sporadically speeding up and slowing down for him.

But in one of the slow flashes he looked to the ships, the two other ships that were tailing the four small ones had stopped and he could no longer see the ships they were pursuing. Just like he thought.

"A'right Raven, where 're day?" Gonzo asked, seemingly just noticed that the boats got away.

Raven remained silent as he slowly passed the sword from his left to his right, thankful that Gonzo's question halted their attack. The only sound he made was the his panting, accompanied by the sound of his sword being freed.

The five pirates, despite holding all the cards in this situation, were all now visibly shaking at the sight of the freed blade. Fearing that they might've potentially upset a beast.

The pirates could all feel a fierce aura exerting from Raven's body, like that of some warmongering deity. They all carefully started backing away.

Gonzo however just smirked. Apparently oblivious to the malice Raven was generating.

"Believe it er not, aye am still glad ta see ya. Me an the captain both missed ya." Gonzo said as he stared down the drawn weapon to the former pirate.

"Things can go back ta how they were ef ya cooperate." He added as he took a few steps forward.

"C'mon Raven, aye know ew can hear the sea calling fer ya. An don't ya still wanna be a hero an find The Great Green, ya?" Gonzo continued, noticing a look in Raven's eye that told him he'd come to a decision.

Raven turned his sword away from Gonzo, going so far as to grip it upside down and weakly smiled.

"That's what aye thaught. Answer the call mate, we need each other ef any'a us wanna find it." Gonzo enthusiastically said as he walked even closer.

Without any hesitation, Raven plunged the tip of his sword into his own chest. Still smiling as his legs gave out and he fell back.

"No!" Gonzo screamed, his face showing nothing but panic.

He rushed to examine Raven's self afflicted wound, immediately noticing the glassy look in his eyes. Without a second thought, Gonzo tore Raven's lone sleeve and attempted to use it as a makeshift bandage.

"Ah Raven ya bastard!" Gonzo thought as before looking to his crew, who once again just stood around like a bunch of idiots.

"Sum budy fetch a'doc now, ya!" Gonzo ordered, the volume of his voice completely overtaking that of the storm.

One of the pirates sprinted to the door to below deck, nearly falling over because of how not used he was to running on deck during a raging storm.

"The rest'a ew turn the sails around, we're not stopp'n til we hit Da Garotto ya!" Gonzo ordered as he kept his focus on the bleeding Raven.